

LATTER DAY SAINTS SOUTHERN STAR

"BUT THOUGH WE, OR AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN, PREACH ANY OTHER GOSPEL UNTO YOU THAN THAT WHICH WE HAVE PREACHED UNTO YOU, LET HIM BE ACCURSED." GAL. 1:8, 9.

VOL. 2.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

No. 24.

PRESS ON.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Press on! Surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He falls alone who feebly creeps!
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! Let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! If once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly—
To onward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breast who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! If Fortune play thee false
Today, tomorrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up the follies past and gone;
To weakness, strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs! Press on, press on!

Therefore, press on and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not, for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil,
Press on, and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

History of the Southern States Mission.

(Continued from page 181.)

After treating Elder Fisher to a good supper, he was furnished a ticket to Chattanooga and put on the Plant System train. Riding into Georgia, he sold his ticket, returning to another part of Florida, and continued his labors. The Suwannee county Saints were not discouraged, but firm and fully resolved to serve God at all hazards. In the mob, fifty-three of whose names were furnished us by Sister Ida J. Redding, were at least thirty-eight active Baptists, five Methodists, one Catholic. Their leader was J. R. Newlan, a very active Baptist member and the last tax collector of Suwannee county, assisted by W. L. Whitefield, a Methodist member, and editor of the "Live Oak Banner." Prominent among the mob were W. A. Parker, a very active Baptist member and county treasurer the year before, Chas. McClain, Methodist, and John Robinson, Baptist, both defeated candidates in the county election.

Capt. Newlan, in a statement published in the "Banner," sought to justify the ac-

tion of the mobocrats, because Judge Stewart, of Jasper county, sustained their procedure.

North Carolina groaned under mobocracy. On the 8th inst. Elders J. D. Killpack and S. C. Carlston were waited upon by a mob just as they were preparing to retire.

Several shots were fired, but no violence done. They were escorted about two miles and told to leave, and not return under penalty of death.

It was 2:30 a. m. before they found a place to stop.

Elders Joseph P. Green and R. F. Cole were rotten egged on the night of the 13th inst. at Seaboard, Northampton county, after holding meeting in a hall. After the services the hall was quickly cleared, and upon stepping outside a fusillade of dust and gravel greeted the Elders.

They called upon a Reverend for entertainment and protection; but he could do nothing for them. While walking down the street towards the mayor's residence, the Elders were treated to a shower of rotten eggs, one of which hit Elder Cole. Not being able to find entertainment, they stayed all night in the woods.

While canvassing the city of Raleigh, N. C., Elders Ira Baker and C. J. Winter were arrested and placed in jail. They had been refused entertainment some thirty times and were about to ask again for lodging (9 o'clock p. m.) when a policeman placed them in jail. Next morning the Elders were released without being granted a trial; the mayor sent word for them to leave the city at once.

About this time Louisiana, not to be outdone by some of her sister states, added to the records of outlawry.

While working in Livingston Parish, and on the night of the 5th inst., Elders R. E. Caldwell and J. Granville Paee were severely whipped by a mob of about eleven men.

The Elders had just dismissed a meeting held at the home of W. T. Shelton, and were seated at the fire conversing with the family, when the door was quietly opened, and eleven men, masked and armed, walked in, demanding "them Mormon preachers." They were seized by the outlaws, hurried out of the house, and off through mud, water and thickets, a distance of about five miles. The party halted at a ridge spanning the Amite river, at the junction of Livingston and East Baton Rouge parishes.

The Elders were commanded to prepare

for the hickory, and were given thirty-six lashes each. Three of the mob administered the lashes, the first giving each of them sixteen and the other two, ten each.

They were then forced out of the parish and commanded not to return; in the event of their returning "hemp" would be the next treatment.

The Elders were "gritty" and faithful, making their way back into the eastern part of the parish. Although they had obtained no sleep for sixty hours, yet they were by no means discouraged, but were thankful they were worthy of persecution for the Savior's name.

Recognized among the mobocrats were Jim Prickett, Cumore, Drs. Dukes and Prickett.

The details of this mobbing were written to Gov. Murphy J. Foster, at Baton Rouge, La., by President Kimball, to which no reply was made, showing the little regard for religious liberty maintained by the Governor.

(To be continued.)

Mohammedans Looking for Christ's Coming

Mohammedans throughout the world, but especially those residing in the Holy Land, are looking for the second coming of Christ. They expect Him to arrive at any time, and are prepared to receive Him. The reason they are so interested in such a subject is because the Koran teaches He will come, and that when He does so, certain new honors are to go to their own prophet, Mahomet. The Rev. C. T. Wilson has labored for years among Mohammedans of Jerusalem, as a representative of the Church Missionary society. His work is itinerating, for he visits families in their homes, and directs the work in hospitals, where thousands hear the gospel. Direct work is not carried on, for it is death for a Mohammedan to turn Christian. There are few results of present mission work, and the few there are the missionaries say nothing about, much less publish. Mr. Wilson says the Turkish government keeps readers even in England and in the United States, charged with the duty of reading religious papers for information. One mission mentioned in an American paper was closed up within a week, through information cabled from New York to Constantinople. Missionaries in Mohammedan countries, Mr. Wilson says, are working on, praying and hoping for religious liberty. A Mohammedan saying has it that at the day of judgment many a Christian will be found in a Mohammedan grave.

TRAITORS.

Solemn Warnings — A Traitor Can Never Be Anything But Despicable — Examples of the Past.

BY BEN E. RICH.

The traitor is the moral cannibal. He feasts on the mental worth, the social reputation, the political welfare and the earthly life of his trusting and betrayed friend. He is the human serpent, which nurses and revives at the fire of charity, and then darts his strengthened venom at the bosom of his benefactor. What the grub is to the heart of oak, the gnawing rat to the ship's timbers, the flaw to the diamond, the poisonous asp to the sheltering flower—all that, aye, and more, is the traitor to mankind. No cause is so sacred, no being is so exalted as to be free from the pollution of his betraying touch. Even the celestial legions had their arch-traitor. Earth, from the day of Eden, has never been free from his treacherous kiss. Since the hour when man first learned to owe allegiance to his fellow-man, profane, rebellious betrayers have worked their insidious way, like devastating worms, through all the pillars upholding holy men and noble causes.

The traitor is the worst of all thieves; for he steals sacred freedom from his trusting associates. The traitor is the worst of all murderers; for he plunges the assassin's knife into the back of his believing friend.

Two soldiers are standing at the picket post—in the dark night, the silent forest. They are sworn and trusted comrades. The army of the foe surges around them; and they know that ghastly death is grinning at them from every glade which opens from the dark center to the blacker depths beyond, and whispering to them upon every wind that stirs the odorous branches. But they fear no blow from a foeman's shaft—that noble death is but the chance of war. Secure in mutual confidence, they tremble not. They speak of country, home; of wives and little, prattling babes. And yet, while the words of soft, pathetic love are on the lips of one, the other plunges a traitorous knife, hilt-deep, into a friendly, loyal heart. And then the assassin sweeps like the shadow of a lost soul over the face of the betrayed sentinel; he creeps across tender moss and between the trunks of mighty trees—everywhere leaving the crimson, accusing stain—until he reaches a distant campfire; and at the feet of the waiting enemy he lays down his reeking knife and takes his purse of gold. This is the traitor. And when the moon comes up, stealing amidst the rustling leaves, he looks upon the cold, white face of a betrayed friend, whose last word was of confident love to the ear of a hired assassin.

Two men are joined in a patriotic cause. To the maintenance of the principle of just freedom they pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. History will call the men who are true to this cause, loyal and brave. The traitor whom they seek to overthrow calls them conspirators. They meet in a darkened room, with curtains closely drawn. Soft mats hush the sound of the firm footfall. Stern voices, more used to the vast circumference of the field or the resonant heights of the forum, are stilled to a woman's whisper. These two men are meeting to sign and yield to each other, for distant comrades, the pledge of mutual fidelity. The one who is master of the house places his guest at a table and spreads before him for final execution the plans of insurrection, the lists of friends and confederates, the oaths of reciprocal fealty. As the visitor attaches his name to the solemn instruments, he sighs and says:

"Oh, trusted friend! I yield to this cause not only my life, my fortune and my sacred honor, but I pledge to it and to the integrity of you and our allies my sweet wife and my only son—both at once my present pride and future joy!"

While the words are uttered, the bold and noble hand traces its way in affirmatory signature across parchment and paper. Scarcely has the thrilling whisper of the patriot ceased to agitate the damask curtains, when the hangings are parted by the vulture hand of the other conspirator; and between their open folds steal the soldiers of the tyrant. These warlike hands grasp the shoulders of the patriot; and as they drag him forth to dungeon and to death, the betraying host cries:

"Bind him fast, lest he should escape and slay me!"

The coward, muffled in a cloak, soon steals from the somber chamber to the palace of the minister and lays before that waiting officer his trophies of broken plans and fatal lists. He gets in return his patent of rank, his gift of confiscated estates, his pledge of his personal security. This is the traitor. And when the sun of the third day shall rise, its first pitying beams will fall upon the gory block, the black executioner, the hasket with its dread burden, and the headless trunk of the patriot whose trust and hope had been in a false friend.

Two men are joined with others in proclaiming an unpopular but holy doctrine. Hand in hand they go through the earth testifying to men, to cities, to nations, the mighty truths. They say to all lands and to all peoples:

"We know that this is the living, burning truth. God has spoken from the heavens, and we are His witnesses."

To each other—in all the sacred friendliness of long association, of missionary labor, and of a communion together when every human law and hand seemed against them—they speak in faithful hope of the glorious cause which they espouse, and of the divine necessity which they are under to be faithful to God and their brethren. Their views are not in accord with public sentiment and suddenly they are dragged before a cruel tribunal and charged that they are teaching crime. But the law of the land says: "No man shall be punished because of his sincere religious views or practices." And the judge before whom they are arraigned calls to them:

"Continue to declare that ye are doing the will of God, and in prison ye shall rest. But acknowledge that ye are proclaiming a man-made system, and pledge that ye will cease, and ye shall go free."

And one of them who are arraigned says:

"Oh, judge! I acknowledge thy supremacy. I will obey thy law. I will not advise others to break it. So long as thou and thy masters shall command, I will worship the graven image."

And then he takes his seat of amnesty, bought at the price of a people's freedom, and creeps from the presence of the court a man—nay, a creature—inviolable of his fellows, but haunted ever by the shadow of Judas. This is the traitor.

And when the other prisoner is arraigned he cries:

"This is my religion! God gave it to me! Ye may take my earthly life, but ye cannot sap my manhood nor strangle my conscience."

Then the judge, who has a mission to learn if these people are sincere, answers to the prisoner and for the far-off masters of the court:

"Thou canst not come within the law; because thou canst not claim sincerity. Thy brother and fellow-laborer hath just now recanted, and this is proof that thou art not sincere, but wickedly obstinate. If thy brother had with thee remained firm and immovable I might have believed in thy cause. But what man hath done man can do again. Therefore, re-

cant or rest thou within the cold and lonely walls."

And the sun and moon of another month, stealing through iron-bound chinks of rock, see the patriot pacing a dismal cell.

The traitor calls himself a reformer. He is merely a coward. And of all the wretches whose presence taints the air of earth and heaven, the coward is the worst. Great Caesar said:

"The coward's fears make him die many times before his death."

"The valiant never taste of death but once."

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come."

The traitor professes to believe that his act of betrayal will disrupt the cause which he deserts. This is the coward rebel's wish. How abjectly and miserably he fails! Sometimes the traitor lops from the sturdy trunk a straggling branch; but does the tree thrive less for that? Nay. The other twigs only bear blossoms the more redolent and fruit the more rosy. Sometimes the traitor tears away a cracked, a seamed, a shaling stone from the half-completed structure. What if a measure of disaster follow? Cannot the builder renew? And does he not choose better rock to bear the weight of his fair edifice? Sometimes the traitor only hastens the success which he seeks to avert; sometimes he delays the triumph against which he rebels. But always ultimately the ear of destiny moves to its appointed end. And the cowardly betrayer who thought to stop its career by holding back with his puny arms is dragged by it to his miserable end, while his associates—dead or alive—go with it to the day of triumph.

There was once a man of mighty prowess, endowed from his first breath with a wondrous strength. When he grew to manhood, hrutes, men and even armies fell in the dust at his feet. It had been divinely promised of him that he should be a marvel of strength, and that he should begin to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines, and men and chafers, and bolts and gates could not prevail against his manly, heroic lustiness. But there came a woman, with her soft, betraying touch. She caressed him and begged for love of her that he would reveal the secret of his miraculous strength. In a foolish moment he yielded; and then were his Jove-like locks shorn from his head; and he became a blind lackey, the serf of the Philistines. Delilah, the betrayer, with her traitorous kiss upon Samson's lips, and her traitorous whisper through the tent to his waiting enemy, could do what no thousand of open foes could accomplish. She made the proud, superb, perfect lion, a weak, whining whelp.

A mighty king had a well-beloved son to whom he had given and forgiven more than is usually bestowed upon one of human kind. And yet the son traitorously plotted the downfall and even the murder of his royal sire, and the usurpation of the throne. He might have succeeded in his cruel, parrietal treason, but that he himself was in turn betrayed and finally slain. And when the grand, great-hearted, poetic monarch learned that Absalom, the sweet, the beautiful, the dearly-beloved, was dead, he wept before all Israel, and as he went his sorrowful way thus he said:

"O, my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O, Absalom, my son, my son!"

If that arrow-pierced heart of the betraying and betrayed Absalom could have quickened but for one moment, how much shinner than the physical death-thrust would it have felt King David's cry of infinite forgiveness! But the past was irrevocable. Israel's lordly king, the beloved of God, was moaning in anguish at the gate of the city; and the beautiful Absalom, with the fatal hair, the beloved of his royal sire, was lying dead in

the pit in the deserted wood, with ignoble stone crushing his lifeless body.

War, murder, exile were powerless to bring such desolation to these royal hearts; but when Absalom, the forgiven murderer, became a betrayer minute we fell around the name of the dead prince and the bowed head of the living king. But though the great tenderness of the psalmist could compass remission for the crime of Absalom, the nation and history must be more harsh. When a subject, for self-aggrandizement, rises against a king, he is a traitor, but he is a thrice-damned traitor when that monarch against whom he rebels is his own father.

Women are often false to their lovers; subjects to their sovereigns, and even sons to their sires. Divinity itself is no invulnerable shield against betrayal. A merciful Christ came to save mankind from torment and lift them into eternal radiance. He chose and trusted his apostles. He ministered to them and with them. They each could give a testimony that their Master was the anointed Savior, the Son of the living God. Persecution came upon him like the storm cloud lowers upon the snowy mountain and enfolded him in a gloomy embrace. The prospect of suffering with this God-like Master, whom he had served as purse-bearer when the danger was not great, made Judas weak unto betrayal. Cowardice and avarice worked together in the traitor heart. He kissed and cried: "Master, master; Hail, master!"

Then he took his thirty pieces of silver, and with them he accepted a hatred of all mankind.

The compassionate Redeemer of the world hung upon the cruel cross with drops of agony upon His radiant brow, while His lips were wreathed in a pained but forgiving smile. And Judas, the traitor, already tasting the infernal torments, called in vain to stay the progress of his dread act. The black-hearted deed was done. The mocking trial had passed, sentence had been pronounced and executed; and then the betrayer groaned and flung the money from him as a sinful, burning thing which had no worth. Upon the bloody field he cast himself and his bowels gushed forth in useless contrition. He died upon the spot which his blood-money purchased for the burial of strangers and criminals in the land.

A brilliant general fell into disgrace with his military superiors and with the civil government of his country. He was impetuous and impatient of restraint. He was proud even to arrogance; he was extravagant even to the furthest limit of honesty. Other men had been advanced to higher posts—he felt himself degraded. His disbursements upon one of his heroic expeditions were still unsettled—he felt himself defrauded. A tyrant foe invested his country and sought to subjugate her people. He listened to the voice of ignoble avarice, of proud passion, of offended arrogance. With deliberate humiliation he sought a place of vast trust among the defenders of his country. He was appointed to the command of a great river fortress—the key to the interior, the storage house of munitions dearly bought, highly prized and absolutely necessary for the repulse of the invaders. He sold his rank, his honor and his interest in his native land. Just at the hour when his bargain was to be decided, his old friend and admirer, the noble commander-in-chief, said to him:

"My dear Arnold, I am now forming my army for active operations in the field. I want a fighting general. Come, I offer you the command of the left wing, at once the post of danger and of honor."

The traitor's face flushed with shame. He pleaded an old wound as reason why he should not go into the battlefield. Then he went to meet Andre and give the last assurance to his British masters that he was theirs, body and soul. By the interposition of America's sublime destiny his plot was discovered and foiled.

Arnold, the traitor, crept away to escape a betrayer's death. He received his British uniform, his British gold, his British

sword. He even came back with his mercenary horde to ravage, burn, destroy the little town in Connecticut where first he saw the light.

Years later, the great Frenchman, Talleyrand, met a distinguished-looking man at an English country inn. The two gentlemen were total strangers to each other, but they soon engaged in conversation upon the great question of democracy. When they were about to part, Talleyrand said to his companion:

"From your knowledge of all that relates to the United States, I am sure that you must be an American; my name is Talleyrand, and I am about to visit that country; perhaps you will be kind enough to give me letters of introduction to some of your friends there."

When the illustrious diplomat had finished his request, the other gentleman bowed low; and when he looked up his face, even to his lips, was gray as ashes. In a voice which sounded weird and cheerless as the moan of a November wind across a deserted marsh, he answered:

"Yes, I am an American. I was born in America. I have spent nearly all my life there. But I am probably the only American living who can say, 'I have not one friend in my native land.' No, not one, Sir, I am Benedict Arnold."

Talleyrand turned away from Arnold with a shudder, while the miserable traitor crept silently from the room.

When the unhappy wretch was dying in the midst of contempt and poverty he grew delirious. At the last moment of his ruined life he called to the devoted wife who had been the sharer of all his woe:

"Bring to me, I beg you, the epaulettes and sword knots which Washington gave me. Let me die in my old American uniform, the uniform in which I fought my battles. May my God forgive me for ever having worn any other!"

The greatest army which the world ever saw was gathered at Thermopylae more than two thousand years ago.

This was the Persian host assembled to do battle to the little band of Spartans. So intrepidly did the Greeks defend that sacred defile which gave entrance to their beloved land that Xerxes became out of all hope of forcing his way through the Spartan ranks. This was the moment for the traitor. Before the proud Xerxes could withdraw his myriads, the betrayer came—a Greek, a native of the sublime country. With servile words he flung himself at the feet of the gorgeous Persian. He offered to lead the invaders to an eminence overlooking the heroic defenders of Greece. His coward wish was granted; and when the next morning dawned Leonidas and his followers saw the spears and helmets of their foes flashing at them from the heights.

The rest is the most sublime tragedy of profane history.

And the traitor who betrayed the noblest souls of Greece to their death received his gold and precious stones. He might have died in the honest obscurity in which he was born and reared, but for his coward act.

Ah! such notoriety is purchased at too high a price. It would be better for a man to stand modestly and firmly before his country's foe; to fall unrecognized and without praise; to fill a grave over which the words shall stand cut into ineffaceable granite, "An unknown soldier, who died in defense of his country." Ah, yes! far better thus to fall and fill an unknown grave—to be unremembered forevermore of men—than to win a name of infamy, to fill the pages of history and be recollected of all human-kind while men shall hate a traitor.

A prophet of Almighty God came in the full sunlight of this great nineteenth century to lead men back to the glory of their Creator. His open enemies sought his life; but for years their murderous effort was in vain. He continued his sacred ministry upon the earth, with a pow-

er which was divine, until the hour for the traitorous kiss. When Bennett sinned and then through hate betrayed, the shadows of martyrdom began closing around our grand Prophet and Patriarch. When the Laws and the Higbees, the Fosters and the Cowles, became traitors and gave their efforts to aid the assassin persecutors of their sworn brother and leader; then, indeed, was the fate of Joseph and Hyrum sealed.

A governor of a sovereign state betrayed them to a cruel death; and Carthage repeated the divine tragedy of Calvary. The Prophet and Patriarch have passed to their glorious immortality; their names shall fill a thousand hymns of praise on earth and welcome in the heavens. But the traitors—miserable reptiles—will be scorned through countless ages.

It is always the same—prince or peasant, apostle or soldier—if a man be a traitor he is remembered for that and nothing more. If his station be lowly, he will seek in vain to hide his shame in his native obscurity; for it will burst forth in lurid, bloody letters to the sight of all the ages that shall come. If his station be exalted he may try and try again, but vainly, to cover his treason with the glory of his rank or wealth; for it will blacken all his brilliance and leave his place a plague spot; his fame, a grinning skeleton of dead despair; his career, an undying infamy.

But whatever may be the varied circumstances and results attending the wretched lives of traitors, there is this lesson which all humanity may draw: Successful or unsuccessful in their treason, betrayers are always execrated; successful or unsuccessful in their treason, they always live long enough to repent; successful or unsuccessful in their treason, they may never in this life know a waking moment when their own coward fears do not make them doubt the fidelity of every soul about them; successful or unsuccessful in their earthly treason, when they shall stand in that other world face to face with their betrayed friends, they will know that the blackest of all offenders are cowardly, assassin traitors.

At that great day Judas Iscariot will not be the only traitor to cry:

"It had been good for me that I had not been born!"

Every crisis at every period and with every nation exposes traitors just as it exalts to view patriots.

Ah! today we see Delilah, who betrays her husband; and Absalom, who is traitorous to his father; and Judas, who would betray his master for gold or popular approval; the Arnold who says, "It is a losing cause, and I may as well desert while there is yet time."

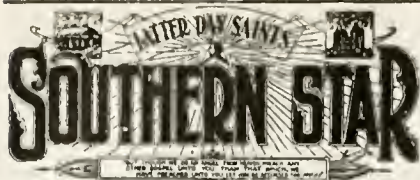
Yes, there are cowards and traitors in the land. Well, let there be, then, since such are necessary to make the sum of human existence—let them live as hyenas do.

Grand Harry the V. of England—superb, glorious Harry—stood once upon the shore of France with his little band of soldiers to face the countless legions of his hereditary foe. He heard a murmur as of fear; and turning to his nobles he looked at them from flashing eyes and spoke these very significant words:

"He which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart, his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse; We would not die in that man's company, That fears his fellowship to die with us. I speak not this as doubting any here! For, did I but suspect a fearful man, He should have leave to go away betimes; Lest, in our need, he might infect another, And make him of like spirit to himself. If any such be here, as God forbid! Let him depart, before we need his help."

A valiant man ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger but worthily, and by selected ways. He undertakes with reason, not by chance.—Ben Jonson.

Among all the accomplishments of life, none is more important than refinement; it is not, like beauty, a gift of nature, and can only be acquired by cultivation and practice.



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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

1. We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, to-wit: Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."—JOSEPH SMITH.

CUTTLE FISH HYPOCRISY.

When the cuttle fish wishes to hide his true position it opens its spleen bag of black gall and squirts the inky substance into the water around it. There are, in the so-called Christian world of the nineteenth century, a great many professed "preachers of righteousness," who take a delight (apparently so, from the numerous instances thereof,) in using the same methods, and going through the same manoeuvres as the cuttle fish, when they wish to turn the public mind against that system of religion erroneously known as "Mormonism." This "cuttle fish hypocrisy" on the part of our good "Christian" friends is neither sound or convincing. Preachers may rant and rage about "Mormonism;" they may howl and storm from their lofty pulpits; but after they have fumed and frothed, and their boiling anger is somewhat cooled, they look down upon this strange, pecu-

liar sect called "Mormons," and behold! they grow, increase, and multiply in numbers. Let us reason for a few moments, Christian people, for we do not look down upon you with scorn, derision, contempt or hate. No! Our mission is one of peace and good will; our labor one of love, forgiveness, gentleness, and sweet charity. You know the Lord says through His servant Isaiah, "Come now and let us reason together;" and, if the Father of all mercies will condescend to reason with His erring children on the earth, have we not the right, and should we not exercise the same, by reasoning among ourselves? Yes! for "wisdom and reason make us men." To reason then; would it not be a great deal better for Mr. Baptist to preach Baptistism; Mr. Methodist to declare Methodism; than for either of them to fight against and endeavor to tear down "Mormonism?" Yes! And why? For this reason: They are commanded by the Lamb of God to let their light shine, and in fighting "Mormonism" they are railing at what they suppose to be darkness, and not exhibiting the light they profess to possess. As well might you shout to a man who is struggling in the deep, "You are drowning," and not throw out a life line, a buoy, or any other means by which he might be saved, as to rave and abuse the doctrines and teachings of "Mormonism" without casting forth your precious beams of holy light which you lay claim to have. Why do modern Christians forever continue to slander the Mormon people, and fail to give reason or Scripture for so doing? It is simply this, they, like the cuttle-fish, are desirous of concealing themselves, they are anxious to have the minds of the people turned from the shallowness of their own false systems, hence they belch forth wild anathemas against the Latter-day Saints, hiding themselves at the same time behind this sectarian fog of error, heresy, vile abuse, and misrepresentation. They define "Mormonism" as being a system of lust, false, heinous, treacherous and vile. Their definitions of the subject—Mormonism—puts us in mind of the student's answer, when asked by the zoological teacher, "What is a crab?" The student's answer was this, "The crab is a red fish which moves backward." "Very good," said the teacher, "your definition is correct but for three things. First the crab is not a fish; second, it is not red; and thirdly, it does not move backwards." So it is with those who would define for you, that "Mormonism" is a system of lust, vice, and fraud. They are as far from knowing the truthfulness of what they speak, as the boy in the zoology department; i. e., they know nothing of its virtues, divinity, and praiseworthiness. You cannot draw water from a dry well. If the Christian world has light we shall expect them to produce the same, that we might walk in the paths of righteousness. As yet they have failed to bring the light of the Holy Scriptures to bear upon us, but have gone astray from all righteous precedents, and have resorted to vile abuse, mob law, and scandalous reports. These are the cogent arguments, the powerful reasonings, the spotless eloquence of those who pose as "Truth Reflectors" in the van of modern Christendom. The mason generally uses the materials at hand for the erection of the structure he has contracted to build; so do preachers, therefore we are forced to admit that better material, sounder logic, more honorable eloquence, and God-like conduct are needed in the sects of distorted and turbulent Christendom today. Brother, you

can never build up your own church by striving to pull down one with kindred objects like as you profess to have. If your own cannot stand on its miry foundation you should keep perfectly quiet and let it have an early and peaceful death.

WORDS OF CONDOLENCE.

A letter from President J. N. Miller, of the Louisiana Conference, dated May 6th, brings the sad news that three of his brothers fell victims in the Scofield explosion, as noted herein. Brother Miller says: "The news was indeed shocking to me, and to make it worse I was not there to render my assistance in that awful hour of trial. While I try to think that all is for the best, and recognize the hand of the Lord in all things, yet the trial is a severe one." Brother Miller has spent over two years in the Southern States Mission, and at all times he has been found at the post of duty, performing his part with a cheerful heart, and accomplishing the labors allotted him with an energetic will, and a faithful ambition to do the right. In this hour of anguish and sadness we extend unto this our beloved co-laborer our sympathy, love, and brotherly affection. May the Holy Spirit conduct him safely home, and may he be enabled to comfort, cheer, and console those of his household who now languish in sorrow and affliction, is the prayer and heart's desire of all who know him.

SCRIPTURAL PREACHING.

An exchange has the following under the above caption:

"Many are the sermons, prepared and preached with the best possible intent, which yet fail of being edifying in a degree that is comparable to the ability of the preacher. The sermon is clear, it is systematic, it is elegant, it is closely connected, and yet it fails to be highly edifying. What is the matter?"

Yes! Christian friends! What is the matter? Why is it that such "sermons," "elegant," "prepared and preached with the best possible intent," "clear," "systematic," will "fail of being edifying in a degree that is comparable to the ability of the preacher?" This seems to be the one question of questions which puzzles the learned synods and theological students of the present day. Neither time nor space will permit of an elaborate elucidation of this all important question, and the purpose of our allusion to the above is merely to discover the methods used, the qualifications necessary, and the cheering results of those who lived in days of old—in the days which Biblical history bears record of. We shall find by searching the Scriptures that our Lord chose twelve Apostles, together with other officers placed in the church (I Cor. 12:28) to carry on the work of the ministry, and "preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15). Continuing His instructions to them, He says, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24:49). Having been "filled with the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:4), they straightway began to tell men what to do to be saved (37-39 verses), and their words, seasoned with love, guided by the Spirit, and spoken with power and authority, sank deep into the hearts of those who were assembled together; had the desired effect for which they were uttered, for "the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls." (41st verse.) Here then we see that the Lord required His servants to wait until such times as the Father

would bestow upon them the gift of the Holy Ghost, and by being obedient to His divine command they were enabled to preach with power to the conviction and conversion of the honest in heart. "What is the matter?" asks our Christian friends, and the answer comes in plain, simple, explicit terms—a lack of the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Christian world will sing, "Holy Spirit, feed us till the Savior comes," and at the same time deny and reject the power and gifts of the spirit of Truth. Paul and Timothy were made able ministers of the word by the Spirit (II Cor. 3:6), knowing full well that by the wisdom of man the things of God could never be understood (I Cor. 1:21, 2:11). Neither the eloquent tongue of the great preacher, nor the skilled pen of the ready writer, will prove sufficient for the conversion of honest souls, but the one qualification absolutely necessary to bring about this blessed condition is the power of God—the Gift of the Holy Ghost. Peter says that in "old time" "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" today "wise men" speak as they have learned in their schools of worldly wisdom. In conclusion:

Let wisdom take her proper place;
And reason claim her own—
But give to God the power and grace
To make the Gospel known.

THE SCOFIELD DISASTER.

During the past week there was a sad calamity befell the people of Utah, and especially those of Scofield and immediate vicinity. The cause of this sad disaster, in which almost 300 souls were returned to that God who gave them life, was a terrific explosion in the coal mines. More than 225 bodies have been recovered, and these, for the most part, are horribly mutilated, being subjected to the fierce flames to which they were consigned. On May 3rd, President McKinley wired the following message to Gov. Wells, of Utah: "I desire to express my intense sorrow upon learning of the terrible calamity which has occurred at Scofield, and my deep sympathy with the wives, children and friends of the unfortunate victims of the explosion. William McKinley." We join the President of our glorious Republic in extending to those bereaved our sympathy, love, and affection for them in this their gloomy hour of bitter affliction, and we ask "our Father" in heaven to bestow upon them the sweet peaceful influence of His Holy Spirit, that their hearts may be comforted, their souls cheered, and the wounds of sorrow healed.

Decline of Churches.

The Presbyterian.

A great awakening is needed all over this land, and those who feel the least desire for it perhaps stand most in need of it. The tide of worldliness and false doctrine is coming in like a flood, and the only hope is that the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against it. The revival that is needed is one that must reach into hearts, into homes, into churches, into business, into schools and colleges, and theological seminaries, and into the highest seats of power and authority in this nation.

We believe the day for it is drawing very near, for there are indications that it is approaching rapidly. The good news comes, of times of refreshing in many quarters, even now.

The Catholic News.

Two things are demonstrated by this appeal to the members of the Methodist church—first, that the Catholic practice of fasting and prayer is copied, and, sec-

ond, that American Methodism, the strongest sect of Protestantism, is beginning to go down. The so-called evangelical Protestants have in the past not only criticized the Catholic habit of observing the Lenten season, but even practically denounced it. These Protestants, in their desire to be free from every possible taint of "Romish superstition," have made a religion that does not appeal to the higher nature of man. They have even refused to sanction the cross, the emblem of salvation. The result has been that their cold and undevotional churches have been steadily losing ground. Another reason for the decay that has set in is to be found in the surrender of Protestantism to the so-called "higher critics." One leading Methodist, Bishop Andrews, in an interview with a reporter last week, practically admitted this.

GLEANINGS.

Lumberton, May 4, 1900.

President Ben E. Rich, Chattanooga, Tenn.:

Dear Brother:—Yesterday I received my release, ticket, etc., all satisfactory to me, and I leave here today at 11 a. m. for the Valleys of Zion. I rejoice in very deed to be numbered among those who have performed honorable missions. It is with reluctance I bid my co-laborers adieu, for I can truthfully state my happiest hours in life have been those spent in the missionary field. But now that the Priesthood has seen fit and proper to present me with an honorable release, I rejoice and will return home, hoping ever to be faithful in the discharge of every duty given me in the Church and Kingdom of God. Although I may be absent in person from the missionary field, yet I assure you my prayers will daily ascend to God in behalf of the Elders and this grand work of love.

I am thoroughly satisfied with my treatment at the commissary and take this opportunity of thanking you for the many accommodations shown me.

Praying God to be with you and all His chosen servants,

Your brother in Christ,
JAMES L. EDLEFSEN.

We are pleased with the spirit manifested by Elder Edlesfen and wish him success and prosperity in his labors in the future. He has manifested the true spirit of love and bears a humble testimony, as do all men who perform their duty unto God and their fellowmen.

By the instructions of President Rich and under his direction some changes in the work and management of the Ohio conference have been made. On April 29th, some new appointments were made in connection with the Conference Presidency, the former President, Geo. E. Maycock, having lately been released to return home.

Ohio was divided into two conferences—North and South Ohio—and the following named Elders will labor in their respective fields: H. Z. Lund, Ben L. Rich, T. M. Warnock, R. L. Shepherd, J. S. Cazier, E. M. Lee, J. M. Boothe, W. B. Parkinson, Jos. Sutherland, M. C. Miller, A. J. Stoddard, Jos. F. Nibley, C. D. W. Friday and J. W. Bently will labor in North Ohio; L. M. Nebeker, Ralph Cutler, Ben Hunsaker, S. A. Hanks, J. T. Wright, T. T. Durham, A. A. Paxman, Nelson Miller, David Sudworth, C. O. Cherry, E. J. Hunt, S. S. Smith, M. R. Fisher, Wilbur Sowards and A. B. Haskell will labor in South Ohio.

Elder H. Z. Lund has been appointed President of the North Ohio conference and L. M. Nebeker of the South Ohio conference.

For the present, until President Lund

can visit the northern part of the state, locate his headquarters and arrange as to what parts he will assign his Elders to commence labors, they will report as formerly in the Ohio conference; but when he has arranged for the commencement of work in North Ohio, the Elders now laboring in South Ohio, who are to go north, will be notified to move and the work will then operate under the two heads.

Elder A. C. Stroug has been appointed to preside over the North Alabama conference, to succeed President T. H. Humphreys, who was honorably released to return home on the 1st inst. Under Elder Humphrey's management the North Alabama conference has been in a prosperous condition and the reports from that quarter speak well for the Elders. We know President Strong will have the love and good will of all the Elders, and look for a continuation of the splendid work done in the past.

Abstracts from Correspondence.

Thatcher, Ariz., April 20, 1900.

Editor Southern Star.

For the encouragement of new converts in Tennessee, my native state, and to all others where the Star may shed its light, please allow me space for the testimony of one who took passage on the old ship "Zion" sixty-seven years ago, and has faced the storms of persecution that have been hurled against the truth, and is still on deck. I was in the postoffice when the father of Elder Joseph Woolsey received his calendar, and having a dollar in my pocket, sent for your paper, which is very much appreciated. I received my third number last night and read it through before I laid it down.

Gazing upon the portrait of Joseph Smith brought to my mind that familiar face which I had beheld with so much pleasure in times now past. The last time I looked upon him he lay in death, a martyr to the cause of truth, which he, through inspiration, established; my feelings on that occasion I cannot describe. My testimony is that God is able and will in His own due time and way meet every emergency.

Patriarch Reddin E. Allred.

Windsor, Aiken County, S. C.,
April 21, 1900.

To the Star.

It is my desire to express my views in regard to the Latter-day Saints. Some three years ago I began to attend the meetings conducted by the Elders, also reading literature presented by them. I searched diligently and found their teachings true, harmonizing with the Bible. On the 26th of March, 1899, I was baptized by Elder A. T. Stewart, and from that time have had the Spirit of God to be with me, teaching me the ways of light and truth. I am trying to live up to my duties and follow in the straight path which leads to eternal happiness. We are unjustly persecuted, but that only causes our faith to be strengthened. May the Lord bless the faithful. Your sister in Christ,

Fanny E. Prescott.

Language and thought are inseparable. Words without thoughts are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud.—Max Muller.

I have somewhere seen it observed that we should make the same use of a book as a bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colton.

CHARITY AND SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

Discourse Delivered By President George Q. Cannon, at Salt Lake City.

I have great sympathy for these returning Elders, for I know how I felt upon my return from my first mission, and being asked to speak to a congregation of Saints in the old Tabernacle. I had been absent five years, preaching in a foreign language. I had had a great deal of experience on that mission in preaching, baptizing, organizing branches and conferences, and laboring in every direction. But when I came back and was called to the stand, it seemed as though the bottom of my memory dropped out, I was so frightened at facing so many people. I could scarcely recollect anything, and, having been speaking in a foreign language, it was difficult to speak in my mother tongue. I had translated the Book of Mormon into that language and had become thoroughly familiar with it—so familiar that all my thoughts and my secret prayers were in that language, instead of my mother tongue. I suppose that has been the case with these Elders who have come from Germany. No doubt, they have done their thinking as well as their talking in German; and therefore they probably have had to translate their thoughts into English, as I had to do. I sympathize very deeply with Elders, whether they have been preaching in the English language or in a foreign language, when they come back and have to face a congregation like this. It is terrifying to some men, though some can face it better than others. I feel that these brethren deserve our sympathy. We cannot form as good an idea of their labors as we could if we were better acquainted with them or they with us. I remember just after my return there was a meeting being held in the Seventies' Hall, and a great number of Elders were present. President Young, President Kimball, President Wells and several of the Twelve were there. It was a general testimony meeting, and the Elders were called on to speak. I rose and attempted to speak in English. I said, in the course of my remarks, that I could not express myself with the fluency that I desired, having been accustomed to speak in a foreign language for a good while. President Young spoke up and said, "Brother George, speak in the language you are used to." I commenced to speak in that language, and it was like hoisting a flood-gate—the words came out in a torrent. I have no doubt that these brethren, if we called upon them to speak in German, would speak with a good deal of fluency and much more ease.

Spiritual Gifts to Be Sought After.

I have felt this afternoon that I would like to call the attention of the Saints to some points of doctrine, if time permitted. I will read a portion of the 12th chapter of I Corinthians:

Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.

Ye know that ye were Gentiles, carried away unto these dumb idols, even as ye were led.

Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed; and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord.

And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.

But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit;

To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit;

To another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of

tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues;

But all these worketh that one and the same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ.

Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.

Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles?

Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?

But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.

I will read a portion of the next chapter (13th), for the subject is continued here:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

These last words declare that prophecies shall fail, tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away, because "we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." We shall then not need tongues, we shall not need prophecy, because we shall have a fulness of knowledge. But charity, Paul says, never faileth.

Purpose of Spiritual Gifts.

I feel and have felt for some time that as Latter-day Saints our attention should be called more than I think it has been of late to those gifts which God has placed in His Church for the benefit of His Saints. For some time past I have been led, in speaking to the Saints at various places, to dwell upon this subject. We cannot be the people that God designs we should be, unless we seek after and obtain these spiritual gifts. It should be the constant prayer of all the Latter-day Saints for the Lord to give us those gifts that are suited to our condition, and that will make us perfect, because the bestowal of these gifts is for the express purpose of making those who are entitled to them perfect before the Lord. Through the Fall we have inherited very many weaknesses and infirmities. We are all more or less conscious of them, especially if we come unto the Lord in humility. He shows us our imperfections and points out to us our defects in character, by His Spirit. We see some very glaring defects in ourselves. This being the case, it

should be our aim to seek unto the Lord for gifts that will remedy these defects. If I am an unwise man (and all are—some more than others), what gift should I seek for? I should plead constantly with the Lord to give me the gift of wisdom. I may be deficient in discernment, and easily led astray. False spirits arise and make this manifest constantly. We are surrounded by visible agencies, many of them very bad, and if we yield to them they have influence over us. Influenced by these wrong spirits, men and women will talk to us and strive to bring us under the same influence. Is it not, therefore, a good thing to have the gift of discerning of spirits? Is it not a blessed thing that God has placed in His Church and promised unto the members thereof this precious gift, whereby they can discern false spirits when brought in contact with them? Assuredly it is. It is a gift that should be sought for by all of us. There are none so perfect but they can derive benefit from the possession of this gift.

Fasting for a Purpose.

I have often been struck at our fast meetings with the thought that the Latter-day Saints ought to have a purpose when they come together fasting and praying. One day a month is set apart by the Church as a day of fasting, or prayer, of humiliation before the Lord. When we get together there should be in all our hearts a desire that our prayers may ascend to the Lord unitedly for certain definite objects. Of course, we are all interested in Zion and in the great cause of God. We desire righteousness to prevail, the will of God to be done. We can all pray unitedly for this great object, and we should do so when we come together in this capacity. But I may have secret desires, secret wants; I may have thoughts that none but God knows. Therefore, I should petition Him in secret that He will grant unto me that secret desire of my heart. And at such times, it seems to me that our prayers, offered in humility and accompanied by faith, are likely to be heard and answered; in fact, I know that they will be heard. This also is a good time for us to seek for these gifts of the Spirit. Do we not all need them? Is there any one among us that does not need these gifts? I need prophecy. How can I magnify my office, now can I stand in my calling, how can I do my duty to the Latter-day Saints in the office to which God has called me, unless I have the gift of prophecy? That gift I should seek to have it increase upon me. The gift of revelation should increase within me. I should seek for the gift of wisdom, to have it increase within me; the gift of knowledge also. Should we not all do so? I need these gifts; you need them. You need to have patience, long-suffering, forbearance. A presiding officer in the Church needs the gift of instruction, the gift of counsel, and, when needed, the gift of reproof and warning. He needs to understand the plan of salvation, and what constitutes godliness; he needs to have the gift of healing, and the gift of discernment of spirits. We all need to have the gift of a broken heart and a contrite spirit; for that is the offering that is acceptable unto the Lord. When we come to Him with broken hearts and contrite spirits He hears us, and He accepts the offering. It is the offering that He asks at our hands.

Purpose of the Gift of Tongues.

So I might go on and enumerate gifts that we need. If I were called on a mission to a people speaking a foreign language, I should pray constantly for the gift of tongues, and for the gift of the interpretation of tongues. I obtained that gift a few days after I reached the land where I was sent; I understood all that was said to me. I also received help in acquiring the language. I know that such a gift is within the reach of those who seek for it. It is not alone given to us to get up in our testimony meetings and speak in tongues and somebody interpret it. That is very comforting and a very desirable gift, when it is governed properly. It appeals to many people;

they thing it is a wonderfully great gift. But in my experience it is a gift that is apt to lead people astray, unless it is properly controlled. Under its influence people sometimes give way to a wrong spirit. We have known in our experience many instances where branches of the Church, especially newly organized branches, have got into difficulty through this spirit taking possession of them and there not being wisdom enough in the presiding officer to control it. This gift, as I have said, is a desirable gift; but it is especially desirable for our Elders who go to foreign lands. They should seek for it with all earnestness and faith. I testify to you that there is such a gift, and there is such a gift as the gift of interpretation of tongues. So in relation to all of these precious gifts. Why, what is our religion if we divest it of these gifts and we do not possess them? It is a powerless thing. But with the bestowal of these gifts, with the Lord giving them to us according to our needs, each one in his or her place, there is power in our religion.

Gift of Government.

The sisters have as much right to these gifts as the brethren. They have the right to go unto God and ask Him in the name of Jesus to bestow upon them such gifts as they need. How good a gift it would be for a mother to have the gift of governing her children, the gift of wisdom to train them and to point out to them the path that they should pursue. The mother who seeks for these gifts and exercises them before the Lord, she will have great joy in her children and will get amply rewarded for all the faith that she has exercised and the prayers she has offered in their behalf. For what is there that brings greater happiness to human beings than to see their offspring doing right and walking humbly before the Lord? Therefore mothers should seek to obtain such gifts as are suited to their condition and circumstances. The Lord said to Joseph in the beginning, "Be patient in thine afflictions; for thou shalt have many." So it is with all of us. We have great afflictions from time to time. It seems to be necessary that we should be tried and proved to see whether we are full of integrity or not. In this way we get to know ourselves and our own weaknesses; and the Lord knows us, and our brethren and sisters know us. Therefore, it is a precious gift to have the gift of patience, to be good-tempered, to be cheerful, to not be depressed, to not give way to wrong feelings and become impatient and irritable. It is a blessed gift for all to possess. The gift of integrity also is a splendid gift. Men may do many wicked things, and repent of them, and the Lord will forgive them, if they have integrity. I value that gift exceedingly. I have seen men that in many respects were anything but what they ought to be as Latter-day Saints, but they were full of integrity. They would not do anything to betray the work of God. Under all circumstances they were full of integrity. I have met, as you have, such characters; and I have felt that such men, notwithstanding their weaknesses, will be blessed of the Lord. The Lord will forgive their sins and He will bless them because of their integrity. Therefore, the gift of integrity is a good thing. It is good also to have steadfastness, valor and courage in the hour of trial and danger—in the hour when men's lives are in danger.

Beautiful Gift of Charity.

Before I close I will call your attention to what is said about charity. Let us dwell on this glorious gift. What beautiful characters we should have if we possessed this precious gift of charity. Let us read and see what the Apostle says about it. The same things can be found also in the Book of Mormon, in almost identically the same language.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." Is not that a lovely trait of human character?

"Charity envieth not." There is no envy in a man or a woman who possesses charity. They do not envy their fellow beings anything that they may possess.

"Charity vaunteth not itself, is not

puffed up." Charity never boasteth. I often think of that. If I feel inclined to boast a little, I am checked immediately by the reflection that that is not charity. When we are filled with charity we are not vaunting ourselves, we are not boasting of our good deeds, we are not puffed up; we are not telling people what mighty men we are, or how much good we have done. Charity does not indulge in this. "Doth not behave itself unseemly."

It is modest.

"Seeketh not her own." That is the spirit of the Savior. He said, "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" if they wanted us to go with them a mile, to go with them two miles. It is not always quarreling and contending for "rights." Persons who have the gift of charity are not always afraid that they are going to lose something, and that they must look after their "rights." You see that spirit frequently manifested.

"It is not easily provoked." Always good tempered; does not lose patience. "Thinketh no evil." It does not indulge in evil thoughts concerning others. It looks upon their conduct in the best light possible.

"Rejoiceth not in iniquity." Takes no pleasure in iniquity, but rejoices in that which is good—"rejoiceth" as the Apostle says, "in the truth."

"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." These are blessed qualities.

My brethren and sisters, what a precious and a glorious gift is this gift of charity. Would not we be perfect Saints if we had it? Would not this be heaven if we exercised it? Would not our houses be habitations of peace and joy? Would not the angels delight to be with us? I am sure they would. And why should we not possess it? What is there to prevent it? God has given to us the promise that we can have this gift of charity if we seek for it. That promise never faileth no more than charity faileth. We can obtain it, and it will beautify and adorn all our characters. If our children possess it, how beautiful they will be in every moral attribute! Let us seek for it, let us cultivate it everywhere. Let us read about this occasionally, and not be quarrelsome, not be fault-finding, not be slandering, not be back-biting, not be saying evil of each other. That is not of Christ; but charity is the pure love of Christ. God, we are told, is love. One of the last injunctions of the Apostle John was, "little children, love one another." If men do wrong to me, what must I do? Must I resent it and fight back? No; I must bear it patiently. I must suffer long, and be kind. I must not lose my temper and think that I must get even with them. That is not the spirit of the Gospel. Christ has taught us very differently. As Latter-day Saints, we should exercise those qualities and gifts that He has commanded us to seek for.

Brethren and sisters, God bless you and fill you with His Holy Spirit. Let us contend earnestly for the gifts of the Spirit of God. When we notice a defect in our characters, let us ask God with all the faith we can to give us the gift that will correct that, that we may be perfect; for Jesus says: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," showing that it is possible for us, even in our fallen and low condition, to become perfect in our sphere. That God may grant unto us this, and our hearts with this desire and this great faith, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Releases and Appointments.

Releases.

- C. Jacobsen, North Alabama Conference.
- J. L. Edlefson, Mississippi Conference.
- J. A. Wixom, Florida Conference.
- T. H. Rowley, Ohio Conference.
- B. F. Price, Kentucky Conference.
- J. N. Miller, Louisiana Conference.

APPRECIATE THOUGHTFULNESS.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 3.—Hon. William McKinley, Washington, D. C.—Your telegram, expressing your generous sympathy for the families and friends of our fellow-citizens who have so unexpectedly met death in the mine explosion at Scofield, is received and appreciated. Sorrowing Utah thanks you for your thoughtful interest. **HEBER M. WELLS,**
Governor.

From Congressman King.

The following dispatch has been received by Gov. Wells, and indicates that Washington stands ready to help:

Washington, D. C., May 3.—Gov. Heber M. Wells, Salt Lake:—I mourn with Utah's people in this sorrowful hour. Please express my sincere sympathy with the suffering families. All classes here deeply sympathize with the bereaved ones. Evening Star offers to accept and transmit contributions. Can we do anything here? **WILLIAM H. KING.**

France Sympathizes.

Washington, May 3.—The French ambassador called on President McKinley and Secretary Hay today and conveyed the condolence of the French republic to the President of the United States over the mine disaster in Utah. He handed the secretary the following personal letter on the subject:

"Embassy of the French Republic in the United States.

"Washington, D. C., May 3, 1900.

"Mr. Secretary of State:

"The President of the French republic has heard of the terrible catastrophe which has taken place in Utah. He has instructed me to be his interpreter near the President of the United States of America, and to assure him of the sympathy which he feels on account of this sad event.

"In transmitting to me the expression of the sentiments of President Loubet, M. Deleasse, minister of foreign affairs, likewise instructs me to convey to the American government the expression of the profound sympathy of the government of the republic.

"Be pleased to accept, Mr. Secretary of State, the assurances of my high consideration. **JULES CAMBON.**"

Late this afternoon a dispatch was sent to Ambassador Porter, at Paris, directing him to acknowledge receipt by President McKinley of President Loubet's message and to convey to M. Loubet the appreciation of the President at the expression of sympathy of the French government.

Prayer for the Dead.

Deseret News.

The question of prayers for the dead seems to be coming to the front in some parts of the Protestant world. A Baptist periodical, quoted by the Literary Digest, takes the view that the departed ones are safe and blessed and need not our prayers, but that for our own consolation, prayers may be offered for them. In this connection it quotes approvingly this prayer written by the late Mr. Gladstone:

"O God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be, we beseech Thee for him whose name and dwelling place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation, in Paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love.

"Grant that his life may unfold itself in Thy sight and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If he hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy

REPORT OF MISSION CONFERENCES FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1900.

PRESIDENT	CONFERENCE	Number of Elders	Miles Walked	Miles Rode	Families Visited	Families Revisited	Refused Entertainment	Tracts Distributed	Dodgers Distributed	Books Sold	Books of Mormon Sold	Books Otherwise Distributed	Meetings Held	Gospel Conversations	Children Blessed	Baptisms	TOWN	STATE
David H. Elton	Chattanooga	12	192	128	24	64	11	69	51	3	2	18	18	219	1	1	Chattanooga	Tennessee
Heber S. Olson	Virginia	41	943	170	258	173	42	656	300	77	2	20	66	668	2	3	Richmond, Box 388	Virginia
B. F. Price	Kentucky	26	654	265	19	141	5	21	16	1	1	14	49	298	1	3	Centro	Kentucky
E. L. Pomoroy	East Tennessee	31	865	392	94	211	1	975	494	46	2	23	46	536	1	1	Winston-Salem	N. Carolina
W. D. Rencher	Georgia	34	1132	24	82	170	82	164	137	22	1	20	69	520	2	3	Columbus	Georgia
A. C. Strong	North Alabama	36	1011	112	478	147	34	1287	1250	280	25	19	87	962	2	2	Memphis, Box 153	Tennessee
Geo. W. Skidmore	Florida	40	969	117	38	170	16	625	491	46	4	21	63	468	2	3	504 E. Bay St., Jacksonville	Florida
J. Urban Allred	Mid. Tennessee	35	812	15	75	175	36	489	48	11	1	15	54	385	1	2	Sparta, Box 40	Tennessee
J. M. Haws	North Carolina	42	974	81	185	355	8	259	82	44	1	28	87	805	1	8	Goldsboro, Box 924	N. Carolina
Sylvester Low, Jr.	South Carolina	35	650	484	57	245	5	251	177	30	1	14	51	558	1	1	Charleston	S. Carolina
G. M. Porter	Mississippi	14	219	51	43	88	1	62	13	1	1	7	11	191	2	3	Lumberton	Mississippi
W. W. MacKay	East Kentucky	28	615	16	354	166	21	425	324	24	1	33	47	424	3	1	Barboursville	Kentucky
J. N. Miller	Louisiana	7	164	32	4	25	4	42	18	11	1	5	14	125	2	1	Hughes Spur	Louisiana
W. H. Boyle	South Alabama	14	469	16	42	233	6	238	127	8	2	1	25	153	1	1	Bridge Creek	Florida
Don C. Benson	North Kentucky	22	500	74	67	109	14	237	130	4	2	24	29	363	1	1	Bagdad	Kentucky
L. M. Nebeker	Ohio	27	609	429	214	98	75	1033	300	34	2	16	22	369	1	1	539 Betts St., Cincinnati	Ohio

word or deed of ours, we pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore him, that he may serve Thee without hindrance.

"Tell him, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much we love him and miss him, and long to see him again, and if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to us as a guide and guard, and grant us a sense of his nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

"If in aught we can minister to his peace, he pleased of Thy love to let this be, and mercifully keep us from every act which may deprive us of the sight of him as soon as our trial time is over, or mar the fullness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

"Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this our prayer, and let Thy will be done, for our will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

That reveals the position of one of the greatest thinkers of the age on this question. It shows that the ordinary channels of philosophy and theology convey no certain knowledge of the state of the departed. It indicates also the need of human nature to feel that the ties that bind hearts together are not severed with death. Why, then, is mankind so slow in turning to revelation for the light needed?

If no other principle were revealed through the Prophet Joseph than that by which the dead and living are joined together across the chasm of death, that alone would place him among the foremost of men of God. Were there no other doctrine of "Mormonism" than this, it would be a perfect justification for its existence, for by it a new light has been shed on the world, for which the noble spirits of the earth have been praying. But there are other principles as grand and as far-reaching as the one relating to the salvation of the dead. They have emanated from the Eternal Source of all truth.

An Editor's Mistake.

Editors have their troubles. One of these men, who presides over the destinies of a western newspaper, is mourning the loss of two subscribers. Number one wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers went forward by mail, but by accident, the editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled." And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."—Ex.

Postal Charges in 1792.

Kansas City Journal.

The first law of congress, fixing rates of postage went into effect on June 1, 1792, with rates as follows:

Not exceeding thirty miles, 6 cents.
Over thirty and not exceeding sixty miles, 8 cents.

Over sixty and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.

Over 100 and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents.

Over 150 and not exceeding 200 miles, 15 cents.

Over 200 and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.

Over 250 and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.

Over 350 and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.

Over 450 miles, 25 cents.

It would seem that the postmasters of that day must have been greatly perplexed in adjusting the rates on each letter under such a diversified schedule as the above. The weight limit was one ounce (single), but a single letter was a single sheet; two sheets double; three sheets triple; four sheets a quadruple letter, even if the whole did not exceed an ounce.

HE LIVES LONG WHO LIVES WELL.

Would'st thou live well? The only means are these—

'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates;
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways.

And rather count thy actions than thy days;

Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here.

For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,

Thou art of age to claim eternity.

But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,

If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only was—he did not live.

—Randolph.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S ANECDOTES.

The Silver Hook.

Doctor Franklin, observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf, bobbing for little mud-cats and eels, he called to him, "Ah, Tom, what a pity 'tis you don't fish with a silver hook." The young man replied, "he was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this the doctor passing that way, saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood. "What, Tom," cried the doctor, "have you not got the silver hook yet?" "God bless you, doctor," cried the blacksmith, "I'm hardly able to fish with an iron hook." "Poh! poh!" replied the doctor, "go home to your anvil; and you'll make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you would catch here in a month."

True Independence.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day

the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which with a mug of cold water I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion, for a luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archilaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts: "Meal, please your majesty, is a half penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

THE DEAD.

Sister Tinsley, wife of Samuel Tinsley, of Charleston, Tenn., on March the 11th, was summoned home by Him whose wisdom is infinite and whose mercy is perfect.

Sister Tinsley was not a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but she was so kind and hospitable to the Elders that her name is written in love upon their hearts. She leaves a husband with whom she lived faithful and true for fifty-six years, and also a noble and an honorable family of children. We sympathize with the bereaved father and children and pray God to comfort and cheer their hearts and to give them light and knowledge to lead them through life, that they may be prepared to meet their loved one on the other shore. Every Elder who is acquainted with these kind and worthy people join in saying from the center of their hearts, "God bless Brother Tinsley and his dear children, and may they feel that their darling loved one has gone to rest in peace."

Yet hold it more humane, more heavenly first, by winning words to conquer willing hearts, and make persuasion do the work of fear.—Milton.

Don't try to raise too large a crop of religion on too small a plot of ground. Increase your territory as you increase your seed.—Watch Tower.

Good to forgive; better to forget.—Browning.